Now afore God, this reuerend holy Frier,
All our whole Citie is much bound to him.
*Iu.* Nurse, will you go with me into my Closet,
To helpe me sort such needfull ornaments,
As you thinke fit to furnish me to morrow?
*Mo.* No not till Thursday, there is time inough.
*Fa.* Go Nurse, go with her, weele to Church to morrow.
*Exeunt.*

*Mo.* We shall be short in our prouision,
'Tis now neare night.
*Fa.* Tush, I will stirre about,
And all things shall be well, I warrant thee wife:
Go thou to *Iuliet*, helpe to decke vp her,
Ile not to bed to night, let me alone:
Ile play the huswife for this once, what ho?
They are all forth, well I will walke my selfe
To Countie *Paris*, to prepare vp him
Against to morrow, my heart is wondrous light,
Since this same wayward Gyrle is so reclaymd.
*Exit.*

IV.iii. *Enter* Iuliet *and Nurse.*

*Iu.* I those attires are best, but gentle Nurse
I pray thee leaue me to my selfe to night:
For I haue need of many orysons,
To moue the heauens to smile vpon my state,
Which well thou knowest, is crosse and full of sin.
*Enter Mother.*
*Mo.* What are you busie ho? need you my helpe?
*Iu.* No Madam, we haue culd such necessaries
As are behoofefull for our state to morrow:
So please you, let me now be left alone,
And let the Nurse this night sit vp with you,
For I am sure you haue your hands full all,
In this so sudden businesse.
*Mo.* Good night.
Get thee to bed and rest, for thou hast need.
*Exeunt.*
*Iu.* Farewell,



*Iu.* Farewell, God knowes wh
I haue a faint cold feare thrills th
That almost freezes vp the heate
Ile call them backe againe to co
Nurse, what shou'd she do here
My dismall sceane I needs must a
Come Viall, what if this mixtur
Shall I be married then to morro
No, no, this shall forbid it, lie th
What if it be a poyson which the
Subtilly hath ministred to haue
Least in this marriage he should
Because he married me before to
I feare it is, and yet me thinks it
For he hath still bene tried a hol
How if when I am laid into the
I wake before the time that *Ro*
Come to redeeme me, theres a f
Shall I not then be stiffled in th
To whose foule mouth no healt
And there die strangled ere my
Or if I liue, is it not very like,
The horrible conceit of death a
Togither with the terror of the
As in a Vaulte, an auncient rec
Where for this many hundred y
Of all my buried aunce stors are
Where bloudie *Tybalt* yet but
Lies festring in his shroude, wh
At some houres in the night, spi
Alack, alack, is it not like that I
So early waking, what with loat
And shrikes like mandrakes tor
That liuing mortalls hearing th
O if I walke, shall I not be distr
Inuironed with all these hidiou
And madly play with my fore